ESTABLISHED IN 1883.

THE NEWS-LEADER.

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NEW SERIES----VOL. XVIII. NO. 36 SPINGFIELD, WASHINGON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, OCTOBER 5 1911. $1.00 PER YEAR

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

Edited by Miss Emma Nunan.

(This column is given to the teachers of Washington county for Educational purposes and its Editor was selected by them. All contributions should be sent to the department Editor not later than Saturday.)

Miss Regina Rudd, teacher of the Cecilville school entertained a large crowd on Friday evening the 29th ult. Besides a social success, the entertainment netted $32 which will be used for the purchase of shades, globes, cooler and other needed improvements. With so much assistance from the districts the County Board will surely accomplish much in the way of equipping and beautifying the rural schools.

Miss Emma Hiatt, Vice-President of Educational Division No. 3, has arranged an instructive program for the meeting which will be at Willisburg Saturday, the 20th inst. It is needless to urge the people of Willisburg and surrounding districts to attend, for there is always a full house of eager listeners when the cause of education is discussed here. However it is hoped that every patron and pupil in the Division will be present.

The Graded School foot ball team was badly defeated by the Louisville High School Saturday, the score 34 to 0. But our boys were nothing daunted by the defeat for they are made of such stuff that the result of the game only gave them new energy and enthusiasm. Doubtless they will meet the victors again in the near future and be better prepared to hold their own.

Thirty Years Together

Thirty years of association-think of it. How the merit of a good thing stands out in that time-or the worthlessness of a bad one. So there's no guesswork in this evidence of Thos. Arise, Concord, Mich., who writes; "I have used Dr, Ding's New Discovery for thirty years, and its the best cough and cold cure I ever used." Once it finds entrance in a home you can't pray it out. Many families have used it forty years. It's t most infallible throat and lung medicine on earth. Unequaled for lagrippe, asthma, hay-fever, croup, quinsy or sore lungs, Price 50c, $1.00 Trial bottle free. Guaranteed y Haydon & Robertson.

Fate of Majority.

One million patents have been issued in this country, most of which have served no other purpose than to put the inventors' money in circulation.—Chicago Tribune.

A Kentuckians Oxen

A lecturer, so the story goes, riding down the rough mountain roads of Kentucky, observed a farmer plowing the rugged hillsides with four oxen, to which he was shouting vociferously: "Hi, thar! you Methodis'—Baptis' — Campbellite— Presbyterian, g'lang thar!" Much astonished he called the mountaineer to the fence and inquired; "Why do you call your oxen by such peculiar names?"

"Why, stranger," said the mountaineer, "them was the fittenest names I'c'd get. This yer Methodis' now, is a good critter an' a willin' worker, but eyer' onst in a while he has to jump up and bawl. That ar Baptis' is a pow'ful strong beast but whenever he comes to a pool of water he allers wants to lay down it. That ar Campbellite is a number one feller, an' does an honest day's work, but he is the stubbornest, contrariest critter that ever lived. An' this Presbyterian, he's the stiddiest one in the lot. I can depend on him to keep them all together, but he's so stuck on himself that all the rest of 'em jes' naterally despise him."—Ex

DR. SHIELDS

A Former Washington County Man Killed at Chaplin

Chaplin, Ky, Sept. 29—In an argument, alleged to have been over a dollar, Preston Neale, a prominent citizen of this community, shot and killed Dr. A M. Shields in the main street here today,

Much excitement was created, and the real cause of the tragedy has not been revealed.

According to several persons near the scene of the shooting, Neale and Dr. Shields engaged in a heated controversy in a grocery store. Neale, who is administrator of the Houchins estate, accused Dr. Shields of putting in his claim for $1 more than it really was.

As a number of persons were in the store at the time, Neale and Dr. Shields left the place and went out into street, where they resumed the argument. It is said that when Dr. Shields struck his opponent a felling blow with his cane, Neale pulled a revolver from a pocket and fired once.

The physician sank to the ground. The missle struck a left rib and passed through the abdominal cavity. The shooting occurred at noon and the victim lived until 4 o'clock.

Dr. Shields is survived by a wife and eight children. He was a former resident of Louisville, but during the past few years he had made his home here. He retired from the profession several years ago. He was a graduate of Pennsylvania University.

Mr. Neale was one of the best known citizens of Mercer county and prominent in business affairs. He declined to talk of the trouble tonight.

Springfield City Tailor.

Your old clothes mended, cleaned and pressed by the Springfield City Tailor so as hey look like new. Also suits made to order, second handed clothing bought and sold.

F. W. Baumbauer, Prop.
Springfield, Ky.

Many Have Tried.

No man has ever gained distinction because of the excellence of his jewelry.

THE BLOOD OF

CABELL'S LEXINGTON

AT AUCTION

THURMAN & PETERS

—AT—

Springfield, Saturday, October 14, 1911,

WILL SELL

20 HEAD

Registered saddle-bred weanlings, yearlings, two-year-olds and brood mares. They are by such sires as Bourbon King, Montgomery Chief, Kentucky Choice, Noble Denmark, Red Light and old Red Bird G. 1956, the latter carrying more of the blood of Cabell's Lexington than any other horse living. A few brood mares, weanlings and yearling fillies by him will be sold. They are out of such mares as Canadian Belle, by Montgomery Chief, Black Beau, by Beau Brummel of Kenmore 600, Miss Rebecca, etc. This breeding cannot be had elsewhere. It is not on the market.

We will sell the fine stallion Marmion Chief No. 5129, by Montgomery Chief. This colt has not been outside the money from Springfield to the State Fair. Mildred King won the great saddle horse futurity at Lexington; at Frankfort Champ Clark beat Mildred King, and at Louisville Marmion Chief beat Champ Clark, C. L. Raly Judging.

We will also sell a few fine young mules and twelve head of great mule and work mares, including ten high grade Percheron Mares, all bred to our own jacks.

NOW NOTE THIS!--We never withdrew an animal that was offered, we never made or permitted a by-bid of any kind, directly or indirectly. We sell only our own stock. These rules will be strictly adhered to in this and all other sales.

Lunch at 11:30 a.m. **Sale begins promptly at 12:30**

Send for catalogue of saddle stock in this sale

THURMAN & PETERS

BROUGHT HERE

Remains of James Muratta Interred inCemetery Hill

The remains of Mr. James Muratta, who died last week at Webb City, Mo., arrived here Friday and after funeral services at the Presbyterian church were interred in Cemetery Hill with Masonic honors by the local lodge. Mr. Murratta was a Knight Templar, a Shriner, a Scottish Rite Mason and an Elk, The Lodge of Elks of his home town sent a representative of the lodge here to attend the funeral.

He was 46 years of age and was born here, being a son of Sylvester and Susan Muratta. He was reared to manhood here and for several years conducted a confectionery where Mr. P. J. Thomas is now located. He was a man who made his acquaintances his friends and possessed much business ability.

His death was due to gangrene caused by an abscess on his foot. An operation was resorted to in order to save his life but he never rallied from the shock. He leaves one brother, Mr. Matthew Muratta and three sisters, Mrs. Jas. C. Duncan, Mrs. Belle Yankey and Miss Sue Muratta.

HAIR THAT FASCINATES

Who wants Lustrous Hair Full of Life and Beauty?

Start now madam, September is just the month to begin to acquire a glorious head of hair of which you will be justly proud during the social events of winter time.

If you haven't used Parisian Sage you arn't on the nigh road to hair beauty. Parisian Sage is the most delightful preparation that destroys the dandruff germs and by so doing removes in a short time the cause of dandruff falling hair, itching scalp, faded and lifeless hair.

Dandruff germs are obstructionist; they prevent the hair from receiving it's proper nourishment by ravenously dedevouring the same nourishment Tse Parisian Sage for one week and note the wonderful improvement. Haydon & Willett guarantees it, 50 cents a bottle.

BUILDS LARGEST OF NESTS

Jungle Fowl of Australia Constructs a Substantial Mound About Fifteen Feet High.

The jungle fowl of Australia is the bird that builds the largest and most substantial of all nests. It seeks out a secluded spot and then begins the work that will keep it busy for a stretch of weeks, according to naturalists who have studied the bird of Australia. It gathers leaves, grass, twigs and dozens of other materials, weaving them together so skillfully as to construct a mound that is qualified to withstand any stress of weather.

The bird toils away until its mound is about 15 feet high, the circumference at the base being often 150 feet At the apex the nest is made, and from this perch the bird is able to see the approach of any one of its jungle foes in time to take defensive measures.

The bush turkey of Australia also adopts similar methods in building its nest, although the foundation is not so large. Instead of making a moundlike base, the turkey constructs one in the shape of a pyramid. Naturalists say that it takes the combined strength of several men to move one of these big nests.

HUMOR OF MEDICAL STUDENT

Dutch Physician Relates Pathetic Incident of His Days in College at Amsterdam.

Dr. Frederik Van Eeden, the Dutch physician and author, can never lose sight of the injustice of fate that subjects the poor to tortures from which the rich are exempt. He tells the following bitter little anecdote which occurred during his student days in Amsterdam.

Once a poor man was brought in affected with a very strange and rare disease of the spine that caused him, by involuntary spasms of the legs, to jump and to continue hopping when he tried to stand on his legs. One professor wanted to show this to his students and he requested the patient to stand on his feet. The poor man looked at the crowd around and said with a pathetic, imploring look:

"If the gentlemen will please not laugh." The professor promised they would be serious.

And yet, when the man began to hop the "gentlemen" roared. And I felt the tears coming to my eyes and my fists close in my pockets.—The World's Work.

ROYAL
Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes delicious home-baked foods of maximum quality at minimum cost. Makes home baking a pleasure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum — No Lime Phosphates

Olfactory Evidence

A typical old-time "circuit rider" died recently in Alabama—a man whose godly, unselfish life will long be remembered. Many were the eccentricities of this rugged old man, and many anecdotes are current among Methodist ministers of the State concerning him. He was noted for two things— his denunciation of sin in no uncertain tones, and he familiarty with which he addressed the Lord in prayer.

On one occasion he had been been preaching in a log meeting-house in the pine woods of north Alabama. There, were several young fellows on hand who had been celebrating by patronizing a still hard by. After a long, fiery sermon, the preacher made a call for mourners, and soon the rude altar was filled mostly by the afore-mentioned young fellows. The old man looked them over for a moment, and with keen intuition felt that it was perhaps a "lark" on the boys' part, but he knelt to pray.

"Oh, Lord" he began, "here's a crowd of young fellows kneeling round your altar. They've been cussin' and swearin' and drinkin' and spendin' their time in riotous livin' but they've come up here seemingly penitent. They look like penitents, Lord, and I hope they are. They weep like penitents, Lord, and I hope you'll forgive 'em if they are; but, O Lord, I declare they don't smell like penitents!"—Youth's Companion.

United States Comes Fourth.

The United States government is the fourth to establish an aeronautical laboratory. Belgium, France and Russia have already done so.

Gigantic Task.

A billion dollars is a great sum of money. It would take a man, working eight hours a day, over 90 years to count and stack it at the rate of a dollar a second.

Washington County Farmer's Institute

PROGRAM

Of Annual Meeting to Be Held at the Court House in Springfield, Kentucky, on Tuesday and Wednesday October 17th and 18th, 1911.

TUESDAY MORNING SESSION

Called to order at 9:30 o'clock by Director W. H. Strange.

Invocation	Rev. Dr. R. E. C. Lawson
Welcome Address	W. F. Grigsby
Response	W. H. Strange

Election of Permanent Chairman and Secretary.
Election at 11:00 a. m., sharp, of Delegates to State Farmer's Institute.
Noon Adjournment.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON SESSION

Called to order at 1:00 o'clock by the Chairman.

Some Benefits To Be Derived From Farmers' Institutes	Geo. McCombs
Soils; Restoring and Retaining Fertility, Preparation and Cultivation	Hon. T. Scott Mays, C. J. Haydon and J. T. Gentry
Crop Rotation	T. J. Miller and Brother Anthony
Alfalfa	Maury Durrett and W. H. Strange
Stock Peas	Hon. I. H. Thurman and W. L. Graham
Grasses, Their Use and Value	C. J. Haydon, Hon. W. C. McChord and C. L. Brady
Wheat and Oats, Selection of Seed, Preparation of Soil and Breeding	Benjamin F. Simms and G. L. Haydan
Poultry Profits and How to Increase Them	Mrs. C. L. Brady, Mrs. E. O. Walker and Mrs. J. I. Martin
Fruits	A. Kimball and George G. Witty

Adjournment.

WEDNESDAY MORNING SESSION

Called to order at 9:00 o'clock by the Chairman.

Invocation	Rev. Father C. C. McGoingle
Corn, Selection and Seed, Cultivation, etc.,	J. W. Funk, W. A. Waters, Robert Cregor and W. H. Strange
Agriculture In Our Public School; Should It Be Taught, If So, To What Extent	Prof. J. W. Bush and George McCombs
Hog Profits and How To Increase Them	E. S. Mays, Geo. L. Wharton and W. G. Grundy
The Sheep Industry	A. L. Litsey, W. A. Clements, J. T. Wheatley and Theodore Mimms
The Horse and Cattle Industry	Rev. Father P. F. Hennesy, J. Richard Durham and J. R. Wharton
The Ten Acre Farm a Successs	George G. Witty

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON SESSION

Called to order at 1:00 o'clock by the Chairman.

Good Roads	Hon. T. Scott Mays, Hon. W. C. McChord, M. D. L. Coconaugher and W. H. Strange
The Sanitary Farm Dairy	J. Y. Mays and H. N. O'Nan
Preserving Our Forests	George McCombs
Women on the Farm	Joseph Polin and A. M. Duncan
How to Keep Our Boys and Girls on the Farm	Prof. G. W. Colvin
The Farmers Life is an Ideal One, or Should Be	Rev. Dr. R. E. C. Lawson
Back to the Farm	George G. Witty
Order and Beauty of the Farm	John Colvin, P. S. Barber and W. M. Keeling
Sanitation on the Farm	Dr. W. W. Ray and Dr. S. F. Hamilton

Twenty Minutes Round Table Talk Conducted by the Chairman.
Final Adjournment.

THE NEWS-LEADER
SPRINGFIELD, KY.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
JAMES R. NOE JOSEPH POLIN
Editors and Publishers.

THURSDAY, OCT 1911.

Democratic Ticket

For United States Senator
OLLIE M. JAMES
For Governor
JAMES B. McCREARY
For Lieutenant-Governor
EDWARD J. McDERMOTT
For Attorney-General
JAMES S. GARNETT
For Auditor
HENRY BOSWORTH
For State Treasurer
THOMAS G. RHEA
For Secretary of State
C. F. CRECELIUS
For Supt. of Public Instruction
BARKSDALE HAMLETT
For Commissioner of Agriculture
J. W. NEWMAN
For Clerk of Court of Appeals
ROBERT L. GREENE
For Railroad Commissioner
W. F. KLAIR
For State Senator
DR. H. G. SANDERS
For Representative Washington Co.
JOHN A. POLIN

Long Lick.

C, E, Milton and family and Miss Sadie Stumph spent Sunday with T. G. Stumph and family.

W. M. Stumph, wife and children and S. T Stumph dined with Otis Milton and family Sunday.

Miss Mary Brady, of this place and Everett Hendren, of Battle, were married at Willisburg Sunday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Goode spent Sunday with S. C. Smith and wife of this place.

Mrs. Mary Brady was the guests of Mrs. Henry Isham Sunday.

Dock Taylor is a frequent visitor at this place, What is the attraction Dock?

Beckie Stumph spent Saturday night and Sunday with her brother, T. G. Stumph.

Several from here attended the wedding of Wm Skeans and Susan Noel last Thursday and a bountiful dinner was served at Tom Skeans.

I have heard of several kinds of hogs, but Chas. Hall the local trader has the kind he has to shear.

Mrs. Josie Settles visited her parents, Mr and Mrs. W. M. Young last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Bugg, of Cross Roads, spent last Wednesday with T. H. Bugg and family

RAGGY BOY.

Attack Like Tigers.

In fighting to keep the blood pure the white corpuscles attack disease germs like tigers. But often germs multiply so fast the little fighters are overcome. Then see pimples, boils, eczema, saltrheum and sores multiply and strength and appetite fail. This condition demands Electric Bitters reg ulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to expel poisons from the blood. "They are the best blood purifier," writes C. T. Budahn, of Tracy, Calif., "I have ever found," They make rich, red blood, strong rves and build up your health. Try them. 50c at Haydon & Robertsons.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Land and Live Stock
NEAR WILLISBURG, KY.

I will, on the premises, one mile West of Willisburg, on the Willisburg and Polin turnpike, on

Thursday, October 12, at 1 o'clock p,m.,

Offer for sale the following property:

Some extra good and well bred young mares in foal; 3 or 4 good hores, 5 or 6 good young milk cows, pair good 3-year-old work mules, some weanling mules, some calves, some hogs, good rubber tire buggy, good storm buggy.

225 ACRES AND

This farm is well located, convenient to churches and school, has on it an abundance of Locust, Mulberry and young Black Walnut Timber, plenty of bacco land and is under good fence, mostly all wire fence. Will offer in three tracts and then as a whole, and sold the way it brings the most money.

Tract No. 1—60 Acres, good 6 room house with new shingle roof, and in good condition; good barn and other outbuildings, good well and new cistern.

Tract No. 2—40 Acres, mostly all good tobacco land, no improvements

Tract No. 3—125 Acres, good new small house, barn and other outbuildings.

TERMS LIBERAL AND MADE KNOWN ON DAY OF SALE.

DR. W. W. HYATT.

S. M. CAMPBELL, Auctioneer

Hillsboro.

Mr. Clarence Derringer spent Saturday night with his father, Mr. D. C. Derringer, of near Tatham.

Mr. Ed Hanby and wife spent Sunday with Mr John Armstrong and wife at this place.

Mr. L. Ferrell and wife spent Sunday with Mr. J. M. Shields and family.

Mr. S. G. Reddicks and three children spent last Monday with her father, Mr. Tom Tatum.

Miss Mallie Shields spent Sunday with Miss Myrtle Armstrong

Mrs. J. A. Coulter is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sutherland spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Shields

Mr. Ed Sagracy and family spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. Sam Coulter and wife

Mr. Raymond Barr spent Sunday with Mr. Elmer Hanby.

Mrs. John Armstrong and daughter spent Monday with Mrs. S. G. Reddicks.

Messrs. Tom Coulter and family and S. G. Reddicks and family spent last Sunday with P. Long and wife.

Mrs. John Crow, Mrs. Ed Hanby, Mrs. John Armstrong, Misses Mallie Shields and Myrtle Armstrong were in Willisburg Saturday shopping.

Mr. Harve Barnett and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Casteel of near Pulliam.

Mr. John Armstrong and family spent Tuesday wish Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hanby.

Mrs, Erastus Perkins, Mrs. Enoch Masters and little son, Mrs. Ed Hanby spent last Thursday afternoon with John Armstrong and family.

Litsey

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Kelly and family spent Sunday at the home of Mr. J. R. Reed.

Mrs. Will Leachman and daughter spent the first of the week with Mrs. Bev Leachman.

Miss Emma R. Polin is the guest of Miss Elizabeth Logsdon

Miss Sue Edgerton has returned home after spending several weeks with friends in Bloomfield.

Mrs. Earl Brackney and son, have returned to their home in Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Nannie Thompson spent Saturday night with Miss Sue Reed.

Miss Annie Laura Gregory entertained the young folks on last Thursday evening.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas H. Fletcher

FLOATING ISLAND FOUND

Queer Discovery Made by the Crew of the Bark Atlas in the Pacific Ocean.

The crew of the bark Atlas, which arrived in Seattle recently after rounding the Horn from Philadelphia, reports a queer discovery for one day of the 138 of her voyage. She had been out many days without seeing anything—only three ships were seen on the entire trip—when one morning in the Pacific the lookout reported that he had sighted land off the port bow where no land was supposed to be. Nor could any be found on the charts.

It seemed low in the water, but too much like the real thing to be a mirage, so the captain ran toward it. It proved to be land, right enough; an island covered with trees and thick low underbrush. Birds and a few monkeys were seen upon it, but no other signs of life. These precluded the possibility of the island being of volcanic origin, and leads the captain to claim it as a floating island. He believes that it was washed out to sea from delta of the Rio de la Plata or the Negro, and that the undergrowth was so thick that its roots held the whole together.

As he saw two trees tumble into the water from the island's edge before he sailed away his theory appears to be somewhat substantiated.

Public Sale
—OF—
Farm, Stock, Etc.

On Friday, October 20,

at 1 o'clock p.m. we will offer for sale to the highest and best bidder what is known as the Shannahan farm: said farm contains about

130 ACRES

more or less; and has on it a good dwelling house and all necessary outbuilding, good well in the yard and plenty of stock water, most all of the land is well set in blue grass and there is a good lot of Locust posts on the place and a good orchard, and a telephone in the house. This farm is about 3½ miles from Springfield on the St. Rose and Loretto turnpike road and very convenient to good school and to church.

Personal Property

Will also sell one pair coming 3-year-old mules, two 2-year-old horses, 1 coming 3-year old Gambetta Wilkes filly, 1 sow and pigs, 11 ewes and 1 buck, 4 or 5 thoroughbred Jersey cows and heifers, about 300 bushels corn, 1 good 2-horse wagon, and 1 road cart, good as new, and other articles not mentioned above.

TERMS—The land will be sold for one third payable January 1st. 1912, and the remainder in 1, 2 and 3 years and bearing interest from January 1st, 1912. The personal property will be sold on 90 days time without interest.

J. RICH SMITH & Son

S M. Campbell, Auctioneer.

The Empire Redingote.

The long redingote in velvet and fur is very rich and graceful, and the long, picturesque lines of the Josephine gown are adopted almost to the exclusion of other models by some conturieres. These gowns are enhanced by boleros and deep collars of satin and fur. Princess gowns made in the new heavy wool-backed satins in dull, dead color, edged with sable or chinchilla, are stunning. This new make of satin is also ideal for evening wrans

New York Water Power.

New York state's total water power, without including that of the Niagara and St. Lawrence rivers, has been estimated at 1,500,000-horse power. Eight hundred and eighty thousand of this is undeveloped. The New York water supply commission has recently recommended that the state expend $20,000,000 to develop this water power, which it estimates would return an annual profit of $1,400,000.

A Small Dose.

"Confound that barkeeper in the Coyote saloon!" said Percival Montpeller. "He insulted me, doncherknow!"

"How was that, pard?" asked Pink-Eyed Pete.

"When I called for whisky he set the bottle on the counter and offered me a teaspoon!"

PUBLIC SALE

In order to dissolve partnership we will on

Wednesday, October 18,

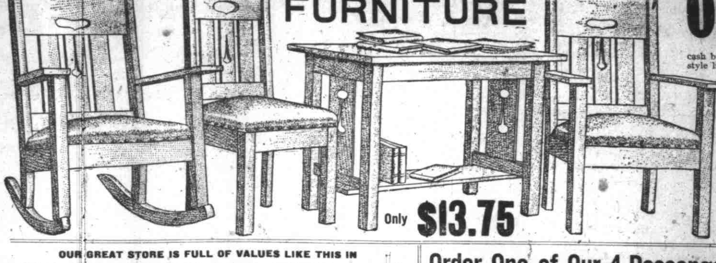
at 10 o'clock a.m., on the premises on our farm known as the Tom Duncap farm 5 miles from Springfield on the Willisburg pike offer for sale the following described personal property:

One pair Percheon mares, bred to jack, 6 and 8 years old,
1 black mare 10-years old and mule colt a good family and work mare
1 bay mare, 13-years-old, and extra good family mare and mule colt,
1 bay mare 9-years old in foal to Jack,
1 gray horse, an extra good work horse
1 pair yearling mules,
3 16 hand work mules,
4 registered Shorthorn cows with calves by their side, and good milkers,
1 Shorthorn heifer with calf,
1 registered long yearling Shorthorn bull
4 extra good yearling steers,
1 Jennet with colt by her side,
40 125-lb shoats,
25 60-lb shoats,
3 sows and pigs,
7 good brood sows,
12 thoroughbred Southdown sheep, one buck and 11 ewes
100 bushels shelled oats,
30 bushels orchard grass seed,
225 bushels wheat, good enough for seed
300 or 400 bushels corn
Farming implements of all kinds

TERMS—Under $10 cash. Over that amount on 6 months time negotiable and payable in bank and bearing interest from date.

J. R., & T. K. SMITH

S. M. CAMPBELL Auctioneer



A ROOMFUL OF GOOD
FURNITURE

Only $13.75

ONLY $2

cash buys this set of fine solid oak mission style library or living room furniture; and you can pay balance as it suits your convenience. The whole set, large rocker, arm chair, reception chair and handsome library table. Every piece is full size and exactly as pictured. Best grade of chase leather is used in the upholstering of the chairs and rocker. The springs are oil tempered and sag proof. The rocker is easily worth $7.50; the arm chair $7.00; the table $6.50, and the small chair $4.00—$25.00 in all. Just think of the value when you can get all four pieces for $13.75; only $2 cash and you can pay balance at your convenience.

OUR GREAT STORE IS FULL OF VALUES LIKE THIS IN
FURNITURE
CARPETS, RUGS, STOVES, ETC.

Order One of Our 4-Passenger Lawn Swings, only . . . $3.98

We own and operate the largest store in Louisville, and control the entire output of some of the largest Furniture Factories in the country, and do the largest business in the South.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD

with us; no matter where you live; and we give you just the same terms of cash or credit that we give to our thousands of regular customers right here at home. To show you how fair we are and how much we appreciate the trade of good people who do not live in Louisville,

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

to your home station; thus putting you on exactly the same footing with customers who come right into our stores. WRITE US TO-DAY, and tell us just what you would like to buy in Furniture, Baby Carriages or Go-carts, Refrigerators, Stoves, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums or Mattings; and we will reply by return mail, giving you full particulars of the wonderfully low prices we can make, and the easy terms we will be glad to give you. We ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE every article we sell and anything that is not exactly as represented will be taken back and the MONEY REFUNDED.

Cut out and fill in the COUPON in this ad. and mail IT TO US TO-DAY.

313-315 W. MARKET ST.
Bensinger
OUTFITTING CO. INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE, KY.

COUPON.

BENSINGER OUTFITTING CO.,
Louisville, Ky.
I clip this Coupon from the
SPRINGFIELD
NEWS-LEADER
and would like to have full particulars as to

Name
P. O.
Freight Office

T. K. Smith, Pres. C. P. Goode, Vice Pres. M. L. Simms, Sec. and Treas.

Washington County Tobacco Co.

Handlers of Loose Leaf Tobacco

Charges: 15 cents per hundred, weighing fee, and 2 per cent commission.
Free sta room and shed room for all customers.
All tobaccos carefully sorted and regraded by expert handlers.
If you want a square deal and best possible service bring your tobacco to us.

R L. Montgomery,
Gen. Manager.

S. M. Campbell,
Auctioneer.

ASK THE SALVATION ARMY

That Is What Many Do When They Want Anything, Even a Bonnet for the Horse.

A teamster who needed a bonnet for his scrawny horse applied to the Salvation army.

"Why did you go to them for such a thing as that?" someone asked.

"Because I knew they had them," he said. "I saw one of their wagons go down the street with two strings of horses' bonnets stretched from the top of the cover to the tailgate, so I hustled down and asked for one before they were all gone."

"His case is typical of hundreds of others," said an army worker. "Our collection wagons are veritable curiosity shops on wheels. Household goods and clothing comprise the bulk of the load, but it is topped off by curious odds and ends. Penurious or poverty-stricken souls keep an eye on the most conspicuous contributions and when they see anything they want they simply follow the wagon down to headquarters and ask for it."

"Con" Knew His Duty as Usher.

The congregation of a certain church is not "exclusive," but some of its members were surprised at the appointment of a new usher. They said that he might be a very good young man, but he had not belonged very long to the church and, besides, it seemed unlikely that a street car conductor would suit the etiquette of a house of worship. But the trustees said that he had been chosen for that very reason, adding: "We need a man of that kind to deal with the end seat hog. He is a greater nuisance in the church than in the cars. Early in the service he plants himself at the aisle end of a free pew and later comers who are ushered into that pew fall all over him taking their places. It takes a man with grit to make him move along. This former conductor has the grit, and he has tact gained from experience. That is why we made him usher."

Odd Wireless Telephone.

Writing from German Africa, a tourist says: "We found here in the dense forest, among people who know nothing of modern scientific discoveries, a good and practical wireless telephone. The natives have for the purposes of ceremony, peaceful and warlike, drums of various dimensions made of wood, and these, when beaten, emit sounds of about an octave in range. Aside from the ceremonies the drums are used also as a means of communication. We had a proof of it one day. Our caravan was ready to start when our head servant stopped suddenly in his work, listened intently and then gave unmistakable signs of pleasure. We learned later that the indistinct sounds conveyed to him the news that a boy had been born to his brother in a neighboring village."

Discrimination.

"What do you charge for your rooms?"

"Five dollars up."

"But I'm a student—"

"Then it's five dollars down."—Cornell Widow.

The Truth of It.

Old Man Kerrigan—"Ut's too bad Kelley died—such a foine felley!

Old Man Mooney—Well, yis—but, then, if nobody died there'd be no foine felleys.—Punch.

SMITH PATCHES HEN'S BEAK

Lower Jaw Was Short and Chicken Was Likely to Starve, but Can Now Eat Grain.

Anderson, Ind.—Eli Delawater has a hen in his flock that was hatched with a defective lower jaw. It could not pick up grain and as a result was near starving to death after it had passed the soft food stage. Delawater wanted to raise the hen to the laying stage at least and told John Snelson, a blacksmith, his trouble.

Snelson told Delawater to bring the hen to his shop. He measured the lower beak and shaped a piece of tin to fit over the stub, much after the manner of a tooth crown. When the operation was complete Snelson scattered some corn on the floor of the shop and he admits surprise at the ability of the hen to pick up the grain. Now the hen is as good a feeder as any in the flock.

No Clew.

Stranger—Yes, I have the general location of my friend's building and the name of the street, but I can't find the place."

Citizen—Haven't you anything more definite?"

Stranger—Nothing, except the architect's point of how the finished building would look.

At His Worst.

The Doctor—Isn't bowling rather an expensive pastime?

The Professor—I think so. I have read of an English statesman, if my memory serves me rightly, who was spoken of as Bowlingbroke.

Keeping Them Busy.

Redd—I see it is said that the automobile industry provides a livelihood for 1,000,000 persons.

Green—Gee! Are there as many doctors and helpers in the hospitals as all that?

What He Slipped On.

"And you say you had a bad fall, Pat?"

"Indade I did, sir."

"What did you slip on?"

"Shure, I think it was on a Monday, sir."

THE DRY FALL OUTING TO

MAMMOTH CAVE

For The Hom Circle and Private Parties

$3 75 ROUND TRIP FROM SPRINGFIELD
And All Way Stations
Regular Tarin 6:00 a m.

Wednesday
OCT. 11

ALL EXPENSES AT HOTEL ONLY $5 50. This includes your boare and admis- to the several routes in the Cave. One evening for a promenade or dance.
A GRAND TWO-DAYS OUTING. Write or Phone L. & N. Ticket Agt.

Cultivate Tact.

If a woman is blessed with tact she has the supreme gift. It will bring her all the things she needs. To her it is a much more valuable asset than beauty or even genius. Tact is certainly the greatest of all gifts to a woman.

The girl's school in some far-distant Utopia is going to include a course in tact to correlate with its curriculum from the primary grades on through the post-graduate work. For when the day of enlightenment does come the sensible mother and the astute father will realize that a working knowledge of how to get along with people is more to be desired than much wisdom in so-called higher branches. Tact is more important than trigonometry. It stands a girl in place of beauty; it takes her further than talent; it brings the world to her feet to do her homage.

Tact! Speed the day when we shall appreciate the importance of this unconsidered trifle! Help us to realize that with it woman can wheedle the world out of anything it has to give; but with her feeble strength she can't wrestle with it and get anything!

Thirty New Species of Fish.

The wilds of Africa are just beginning to be accessible to the naturalist. The country is sufficiently broken in the interior now to allow a man to study at his leisure without the constant horror of the unknown hanging over him. The latest expedition into the Anfola country of West Africa has brought forth 30 new species of fish hitherto entirely unknown to the scientific world. Dr. W. J. Ansorge, brought back to the British museum more than 1,000 specimens of all, and, of course, the vast ichthyological world still unexplored lies as a tempting bait to other students since the possibilities of the dark continent are just beginning to be appreciated.

When it becomes possible to explore methodically every corner of the great interior the biologists, mineralogists, and all the others in the field of science will doubtless make finds that will supply material for volumes.

Monuments!

If in need of anything in the line of

Tombstone Monuments or Cemetery Goods

it will pay you to see our representative before buying.

John Veria & Son,
New Albany, Indiana.

Local representative, E. P. DEDMA

DESIRABLE PROPERTY
FOR SALE BY
McELROY & WHARTON

No, 1 52 acres of land located one-half mile from town, good 6 room dwelling, barn and other buildings, fruits of all kinds and well watered, per acre $105.00

91 acres of land 6½ miles from Springfield, good seven room dwelling house new, two good barns, stock and tobacco barn; well fenced and watered. Per acre $80

No 3 93 acre farm located 6 miles from Springfield and 6 miles from Lebanon, 5 room dwelling house, good barn, mostly in grass, fine location for stable stock. Per acre $65

No. 4 120 acre acre farm, well located, good dwelling house, stock and tobacco barn, good school, per acre $72.00

No. 4 260 acre farm, well located, fine 10 room brick dwelling, new stock barn, tobacco barn, crib and granary, all lays well; mostly in grass, per acre $55

No 6 130 acre farm 7 miles from Springfield, good 7 room dwelling, good barn ond other outbuildings, place well watered, 80 acres in grass, per acre $85

No 7 130 acres, good frame dwelling large barn, good orchard, several everlasting springs. good well $3000

No. 8 80 acres land 3 miles from town, good new dwelling, good barn, place well fenced and watered, Price $4000

No. 9 205 acres, dwelling 6 rooms stock barn and large tobacco barn, some timber all in fine state of cultivation per acre $35

No 10 184 acres of land, good blue grass land, 50 acres of woodland, good 7 room dwelling, stock barn and silo good tobacco barn, desirable location for a home

No. 11 203 acres, 2 miles from town good dwelling, 8 rooms, stock and tobacco barn, good tenant house, good land, beautiful location

No: 12 104 acres located 6 miles from Springfield, small house and barn, 15 acres in timber, well watered and fenced, price $2,500

No. 13 65 to 75 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, small house, good tobacco barn, price $5 per acre

No. 14 310 acres of land, 3 miles from Springfield, 9 room dwelling, stock and tobacco barn, all under good fence, price $45 per acre

No. 15 84 acres, 6 miles from Springfield on good pike, 4 room dwelling and barn well fenced and watered price $3400

No. 16 155 acres 6 miles from Springfield, near the pike, convenient to church and school, in good neighborhood, price per acre, $57

No. 17 71 acre, 1 mile from Springfield, house and barn, all in good state of cultivation, price $4.750

No. 18 172 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, good house, 7 rooms, 2 barns, fine tobacco farm, well watered, price per acre, $55

No. 19 20 acres near Booker, good dwelling house and barn, price $1300.

No. 20 60 acres land, dwelling and barn, all good land, price $1400

No. 21 118 acres located 3½ miles South of Harrodsburg, 68 acres in grass, 6 room dwelling house and good barn, price per acre $75

No 22 Farm 135 acres located between Mackville and Texas, good 7 room dwelling house, good barn and other outbuildings, farm now all in grass, price $33 per acre

No. 23 94½ acres, farm located 1 1-2 miles from Bardstown on good pike, four room cottage, large stock barn, corn crib, milk house, meat house, good well and 2 everlasting springs. new land and lays well, 20 acres in woodland, all under good wire fence, Price $55 per acre

No. 24 46½ acre farm located 6 miles from Springfield on Bardstown pike, good new 6 room dwelling house new barn 36x60, meat house, well and milk house, price $3400

Town Property

Good four room frame cottage located on Walnut Street, small barn and good well on the place. Price $2200

Nice three room cottage located on Main Street, small stable and cistern on property. Price $1050

DR. G. T. BURTON
RESIDENT DENTIST
TEETH EXTRACTED
WITHOUT PAIN

OFFICE—Hagan Block, up stairs
SPRINGFIELD, KY.
All Dental Work Strictly
First-class

DR. J C MUDD
Physician and Surgeon
Office hours 8 to 9 a.m.,
1 to 2 p.m.,
Offices over Haydon's Drugstor

J. H. Lampton, M. D.
Office in Opera House.
Office 'Phone No. 5.
Residence No 38

W. F. GRIGSBY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over People's Bank,
SPRINGFIELD KY.

D. M. W. HYATT
Office over Red Cross Drug Store. Office hours: Hyatt 10:30 a.m., to 12 m. 4 to 5 p.m.

JOHN Y. MAYES
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
AND LICENSED EMBALMER
TELEPHONE
DAY 19, NIGHT 74
SPRINGFIELD KY

DR. W. F. TRUSTY
PRACTICAL
DENTIST
Office over Haydon & Barber

Dental work at reasonable prices.
All work guaranteed.
SPRINGFIELD, KY.

Railroad Schedule.

Following is the time schedule now in effect on the Bardstown and Springfield branch railroad.

Mo. 41—Leaves Louisville at 4:30 p m.; Bardstown Junction 5:22 p m.; Bardstown 6:66 p m; arrives at Springfield 6:55 p m.

No. 42—Leaves Springfield at 6:00 a m.; Bardstown 6:45 a m.; Bardstown Junction 7:30 a m. arives at Louisville 8:20 a m.

No. 43—Leaves Louisville at 7:20 a m.; Bardstown Junction 8:55 a m.; Bardstown 10.05 a m.. arrives at Springfield 11:40 p m.

No. 44—Leaves Springfield at 1:00 p m.; Bardstown 2:20 p m.; Bardstown Junction 4:10 p m.; arrives at Louisville 5:45 p m.

Facts as to Air's Movements.

The movement of air is variously designated, according to its velocity, as a zephyr, breeze, wind, gale or hurricane. A dense or thick fog, according to the weather bureau, obscures objects at a distance of 1,000 feet.

True Philosophy.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.—George Macdonald.

TOWN.. ..TOPICS.

Local Happenings of Interest. The Freshest and Latest.

All About Yourself, Friends and Acquaintances.

Pure Jellico coal at B. D. Lake's.

For Sale—Seed Rye.
R. A. McElory.

Friday and Saturday the big days at Wathen & Shaders.

For Sale—140 head of sto ewes. B W. Neikirk.

For Sale—One good jersey cow. A. B. Walker.

Corn oats and hay: Get our prices. B. D. Lake & Co.

Tobacco sticks in any quantity at Barber & Pettus.

For Sale.—2 coming 4-year-old mules.
W. H. Leachman.

A full line of Purenia feeds, molasses feed and alfalfa meal.
B. D. Lake & Co.

I have a saw mill on my place and have lumber of all kinds for sale. W. S. Y. Goodlett

Come in and see our new line of millinery Friday and Saturday. Wathen & Shader.

For sale—A second hand piano, Webb and Peters make.
S. C. McGill.

New soft taffeta and messaline petticoats to match your suit at Mrs. Williams'.

Remember we fork our coal and give 80 lbs to the busbel.
B. D. Lake & Co.

See our swell line of tailored and trimmed hats Friday and Saturday.
Wathen & Shader.

For Sale—If sold immediately, a farm of 68 acres, located near Valley Hill, a fine tobacco farm.
Henry Deringer.

Coal—In carload lots. Extra quality. Cheap. Write or phone R. L. Boldrick,
Springfield, Ky.

Try the United Laundry Co's work. Laundry delivered twice a week. Give us a trial

Born, to the wife of Will Burch, of Carson, Kan., a son Mrs. Burch is at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. B. Baker.

Wanted—A tenant to raise from 6 to 10 acres tobacco and 20 acres corn. Further information apply to C D Miller
Springfield, Ky

For Sale.—Good seed rye and wheat, also good potato onions.
C. L. Brady.

J. Forrest Cusick will be up here until November 1st Phone him at his fathers, Ed Cusick. He will go to anyones home and make any thing you wish in first class photographs.

Lost—On the streets of Springfield Monday, a pair of glasses, in a black leather case. Finder will please return to this office.

Try the United Laundry for all kinds of Laundry work. Family washing done for 5c a pound. Give us a call.
F. W. Baumbauer Agency
Springfield City Tailor

Rev. T. J. Watts, of Louisville, will preach at the Baptist church next Sunday morning and night.

Come to Springfield City Tailor for a nice fit and latest styles in pants, suits and over coats. All goods made to order.
F. W. Baumbauer, Prop.
Springfield, Ky.

The ladies of St Dominics Catholic church will serve a dinner county court day in October.

Lost—Between J. R. Barber's gate and Springfield a black zephyr shawl. Finder will leave at this office and receive reward.

Come to the Springfield City Tailor for a $17.00 over coat made to order and to fit. Samples on display now.
F. W. Baumbauer, Prop
Springfield, Ky.

The Fiscal Court held its regular meeting Tuesday and Wednesday. The regular routine business was transacted and the usual reports of committees made and passed on.

Lost—On September 20, between Springfield and Valley Hill, two sewing machine drawers with attachments and gold spectacles in case. Return to this office and receive reward.

Sister Francis Slinger died at St. Catherines Saturday and burial was conducted Sunday afternoon, Sister Francis is well remembered by a large number of persons who have attended school at St. Catherines.

Come to the Springfield City Tailor for a pair $4.00, $5.00 and $6.00 pants made to order and to fit, also suits made to order from $14.00 to $35.00. Come and look at samples.
F. W. Baumbauer, Prop
Springfield, Ky.

The prizes offered at the skating for the best skater from Marion county were was won as follows: 1st, Miss Marie Minor and Mr. Bullock, 2d Miss Glazebrooke and Mr. Bricken and 3d Miss Bickett and Mr. Milton

McElroy & Wharton the local real estate agents sold this week for Mr. Turner Derringer 100 acres on the front side of his farm on the Willisburg pike, to Mr. John D. Burns and Mr. Elmer Yankey, This tract includes the large dwelling house. They also sold for Mr. C W. Homan his farm of 70 acres to Dr. M. W. Hyatt for $4750.

A Good Speech

One of the best speeches heard in Springfield for a long time was the one delivered here Tuesday by the Hon. Ollie M. James, Democratic nominee for U. S. Senator.

Notwithstanding the busy season, because of the housing of tobacco, a fairly good sized crowd was in town and the Court House was well filled.

At a few minutes before 2 o'clock the "Big Congressman" was introduced by John A. Polin in a brief speech.

Mr. James spoke for over two hours and during that time held the close attention of his hearers. He took Judge O'Rear to task, for his many inconsistences and insisted that he answer who he meant in his Lexington speech when he said that U. S. Senators had been elected by corrupt means in Kentucky.

There was much enthusiasm on the part of the audience and Mr. James by the force of his logic has started his hearers to thinking.

G A R Meeting

There will be a special meeting of the Bevil-Palmer Post at Springfield, Saturday, October 7, 1911. All members are requested to be present.
Thos. Hickey, Adjutant

Notice.

The sprinkling privilege expires October 1st. Persons are hereby notified not to sprinkle after that date.
Springfield Water & Light Co.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Personal Property

On account of failing health I will at McIntire on

Wednesday, October 11

Beginning at 10 o'clock, a.m., offer for sale to the highest bidder at public auction the following described property:

One 2-year-old filly, Two 2-year old horses, One 3-year-old horse, two yearling horse colts, 1 yearling horse mule, 1 weanling mare mule colt, one 16-year old Jennet, one 4-year old Jennet, one 8-year-old Jennet, one 6-year old Jennet, all the above Jennets have colts by their side; one 12-year old Jennet, one 5-year-old Dr. McChord Jennet one 2-year old Jennets. All of these Jennets are well bred. Two good milk cows and calves, one registered black Polled Angus cow, 2 yearling Polled Angus heifers, subject to registration, a lot of hogs, some corn and fodder, 1 McCormick mower, 1 hay rake, 2 farm wagons, 1 20-inch disc harrow, hay frame, 400 red cedar posts, stack 11 tons timothy hay, lot of tobacco sticks, one No. 12 Vulcan chilled plow, one hillside plow and farming implements of all kinds.

TERMS—All sums over $10 on a credit of 12 months, note negotiable and payable in bank. Sums under $10 cash.

Free Lunch on the Ground

T. E. BALLARD.

S. M. CAMPBELL, Auctioneer.

MRS. WILLIAMS
OPENING
Friday and Saturday October 6 & 7

Splendid lines of tailored and trimmed hats. All goods strictly exclusive and first class.

5% DISCOUNT

for cash Sales on Patterns.

Everybody cordially Invited

Reed-VanArsdale

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Reed announce the engagement of their daughter, Eleanor Duncan to Mr. Fred VanArsdale. Marriage to take place October the 25th at the Pleasant Grove church

Duncan Nominated

The Republican convention to nominate a candidate for Representative met here Saturday and after being called to order by County Chairman W. F. Grigsby. W. A. Waters was elected Chairman and O. F. Wharton Secretary. There was a very light attendance. After the organization the following resolution was adopted:

"We the Republicans of Washington county, Ky., in convention assembled for the purpose of nominating a Republican candidate for Representative to represent Washington county in the next General Assembly of Ky, hereby approve said call and declare

"First—We indorse the Republican platform adopted by the Republican State Convention at Louisville, Ky.

Second—Disapproving of all means of corruption in elections, county, state and municipal, the Republican party of Washington county, hereby pledges itself to refrain from the use of money, whiskey or other corrupt means whatsoever to influence a voter in the election forthcoming."

Then Mr. Grigsby made a speech nominating Mr. Marshal Duncan. No other nominations were made and Mr. Duncan was declared the nominee, which he accepted in a short speech.

Notice

Washington County Tobacco Warehouse Company, inc.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of Washington County Tobacco Warehouse Company (Inc., for the election of directors, and the transaction of any other proper business, will be held at the office of the Company in Springfield, Ky., at 2 p m., Saturday, October 7, 1911
Chas. M. McChord, Secty

At Opera House

The great Leo, the hand cuff King and master of manacles, a strong feature act. Opera House Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, October 9, 10, 11

POLITENESS OUT OF PLACE

Old Lawyer Did Not Want His Client to Think He Could Get Free Advice.

Politeness is politeness, but business is just business. One of the clerks of the supreme court tried to combine the two the other day, but hereafter he is going to attend strictly to business. He was anxious to destroy the common belief of many persons who visit the New York county courthouse that little courtesy is shown by the attaches to those seeking information. The clerk was standing in the corridor on the second floor when two men came along, one of them gray haired. The younger one asked the elder the way out of the building. The clerk heard the query and at once told the questioner several ways he could get out. The older man turned on the clerk with the injunction to mind his own business, adding that he had been in the building before the clerk was born and could himself answer his companion. A little later the old man looked up the clerk and apologized, explaining that the man who wanted to know how to get out of the building was his client and that he did not want him to get the idea that he could receive free advice. "If he gets that notion," said the old practitioner, "I'll lose him as a client."

Cannon Balls of Stone and Iron.

Stone bullets were used until the year 1514 when they were supplanted by iron. It was near the close of the sixteenth century before leaden bullets were generally adopted. Stone cannon balls are yet used in some of the eastern countries.

Thief Restored Sacred Objects.

The precious stones removed and taken away from the tabernacle in the new church, Claremorris, Ireland, some months ago, have been returned by a registered letter. The act of restitution was the cause of much satisfaction, as the stones were rare and costly.

PERSONAL

Miss Susie Penn has returned from a visit to Sadieville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Tonge have returned after a visit to Mr and Mrs. Green T. Jones at Louisville.

Mrs Margaret Norman and son, Marshal, are visiting Mrs. D. R. Litsey at Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Mr. T. J. Hamilton, of Louisville, is visiting friends here this week.

Mrs. Kate Williams was in Louisville one day this week attending Bairds millinery opening in his new quarters.

Mr. H. M. Grundy and Miss Kate Mayes are in Cincinnati this week buying fall goods.

Mr. Polin McIntire has returned to his home at Uniontown after spending a few weeks here

Mrs W. T. Leachman is the guest of Mrs. B. B Leachman this week.

Mr. Frank Simms, of Nelson county, was here Tuesday.

Miss Margaret Edelen spent the latter part of the week in Louisville

Miss Lyda Clements has returned to Lebanon after a visit here.

Miss Timmons has returned to Lebanon after a visit to Mrs. Nannie Simms

Rev. P. F. Hennessy has gone to Baltimore this week. During his absence Rev. E. V. Flood, of St Rose will be in charge at St. Dominics.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett McElroy, of Kansas City, Mo., are the guests of his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Franz Schwabe have returned to Germany after a visit to relatives here.

Mr. W. K. Marks, of Lotus, is here this week.

Mr. Jim Bob Mayes is on the sick list.

Miss Eleanor Duncan is visiting is Louisville.

Mrs. Hugh Lee Smith entertained the U. D. C.'s Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Naomi Rogers entertained Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Saunders,

Mrs. F. C. Peters is in Lebanon this week.

Mr. Walter Clements left this morning for school at St. Marys, Kansas.

Mr. Warren Trusty, of Hopkinsville, is visiting his brother, Dr. W. F. Trusty.

Mrs. Tom Spalding, of Bardstown, visited her parents here this week.

Public Sale

Mr. C. N. Willett having sold his farm this sale is for the purpose of dissolving partnership, we will on

Thursday, October 19,

at 1:00 o'clock p m., offer for sale on the farm of J. W. Willett 6 miles from Springfield on the Springfield and Barfistown turnpike, offer for sale to the highest bidder the following property.

One black mare, 9 years old in foal to Jack, 1 black mare 6-years old, in foal to jack, 1 registered yearling filly, 1 3-year-old gelding, one year old gelding, 1 brown mare 11 years old, one yearling gelding; one yearling filly. 1 jack, 3-year old, well broke, 15½ hands high, sired by the late J A. Sympson's jack, and out of a first class jennet from the Gov. Wood family; jack 3-years old, a good one, 14½ hands high, sired by a Paragon jack and out of a Gov Wood jennet; jack 2-years old, well broke, 14½ hands high sired by Dewey and out of a Gov. Wood jennet; jack one year old a good one and out of a Gov. Wood jennet, by a Paragon jack; 1 jack colt suckling sired by Governor Billy owned by Thurman & Peters, 2 jennet colts, 1 yearling and 1 suckling, 3 first class aged jennets, 6-year old work mule, 2-year old horse mule mare mule colt; 10 sheep, 1 buck, 3 weanling calves, 1 black bull calf, one heifer, cow and calf, 4-year old cow, sow and 10 pigs, corn drill, fertilizer attachment, 1 riding cultivator

The jack and jennet stock is partnership and all parties reserve the right to bid or buy any part of this stock.

TERMS—All sums under $10 cash, over that amount on a credit of six months, note with approved security and payable in bank with interest from date will be required.

J. W. & C. N. WILLETT
S. M. Campbell, Auctioneer.

OLD FASHIONED BARBER BEST

Writer Objects Strenuously to the "Tonsorial Artist" With His Atrocious Clothes and Talk.

Scarce a man living but at times drifts into dreaming and picturing what he might do if he had wealth Many—far too many!—aspire to something that may contribute to the sensational headlines. Here and there is one who merely inclines toward some modest benefaction. For our own part, suddenly finding ourself rich, we should like to devote much of it to eliminating the "tonsorial artists" from the field of barberdom; separating the tares from the wheat as it were.

The average "tonsorial artist" affects the most atrocious neckwear; dons a millionaire's vest with a millwright's trousers, and puts popular ideas of garb all at points. He talks glibly of scandal, horse races and hair restorer and eventually drives many a man to whiskers who is perfectly sane and normal otherwise. There are too many of him!

On the other hand the old fashioned "barber" knows his financial, mental and artistic limitations. He seldom feels better acquainted with you the second time over than he did the first. He assumes you know what you want better than he does and rarely forces his "extras." Mostly he is a good tradesman, cleanly and careful in his work. One of his stripe puts greater crimp in the safety razor business than all the "artists" combined. Bless him, there is not enough of him!—Buffalo News.

Made Woman's Opportunity.

American typewriters are sold all over the world. Millions are in use. Nothing else that has been invented has been so potent in affording business opportunity for women. It was after she had entered business as a typist that woman began to branch out into other lines of endeavor.

LOOK AT THIS

READ IT

Think what it means to you

I am going to stay at my father's, Ed Cusick, until November 1. I have asked a leave of absence for a short time longer, as I could hot accommodate all of my friends and patrons in two months.

Remember, this is your last chance to get first class Photographs from a man who knows his business and is thoroughly capable. I have worked for the past three years at THE CUSICK STUDIO in Louisville and am head finisher of all their high-class work. You get the benefit while I am on my vacation. Call me at my father's Ed Cusick, by phone and make arrangements for me to come to your homes and do anything may wish in a high-class, good photographs.

All my work is guaranteed. Remember, I am here only until Nov. 1st. so call at once

Yours for business at once,

J. FORREST CUSICK

Lexington TROTS
October 3-14
Greatest in the World
UHLAN 1:58¾ World's Champion Trotter Appears Three Times.

$21,000	Futurity	Tuesday, Oct. 3
3,000	Tennessee Stake	Tuesday, Oct. 3
5,000	Futurity	Wednesday, Oct. 4
3,000	McDowell Stake	Wednesday, Oct. 4
5,000	Transylvania Stake	Thursday, Oct. 5
	Great Free For All Pace	Friday, Oct. 6
8,000	Champ. Stallion Stake	Mond'y, Oct. 9
3,000	Walnut Hall Cup	Monday, Oct. 9
2,000	Free For All Trot	Tuesday, Oct. 10

Every World's Champion from Yearling up, Present
Sensational Racing Daily.
MUSIC BY WEBER. HALF-FARE ON RAILROADS

NOTICE

he following few items we desire to call your attention to whereby you can save money and at the same time get reliable goods.

See our
Blue Enameled Ware.

Call and see our
Perfection oil Stoves

A new lot of
Water Colors

DIAMOND EDGE
Razors

Get our prices on
Roofing and Plumbing

ee our line of
O. K. Freezers
Best of Al

all and see us when in tow
SHULTZ & CLEAVER

FITZGERALD & HERTLEIN

September Is The Month for Fresh Oysters.

We will again keep them in the bulk, Seal shipped extra select Oysters.

Come and Try Some

We will serve them most any time raw or cooked

Fresh Bread Cakes and Candy also Ices at Any Time.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Land, Stock, Crop
Farming Implements, etc.

In order to settle the estate of Mrs. Malissa Peyton, dec'd we will on

Saturday, November 18,

at 10 o'clock a.m., at the late residence of Mrs. Malissa Peyton, near he Springfield and Perryville sell to the highest bidder

132 Acres of Land

Two fine work Mules, 1 work horse, 1 brood Mare and Colt, 3 extra fine Milk Cows, 25 Hogs, 800 bushels of Corn, 50 bushels of Wheat, Lot of Hay, Farming Implements, Household and kitchen furniture, as good as new and of fine quality.

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Daily Thought.

Dare to be what you are, and to learn to resign with a good grace all that you are not and to believe in your own individuality.—Amiel.

Prevented Sale of Wife.

John Tower endeavored to sell his wife, Elizabeth, at auction in London in June, 1817, but the authorities prevented the sale.

Small Demand for Buttons.

The Rev. G. Preston Tonge of St. Paul's church, Yarmouth, England, in his Parish Magazine, under the heading of "Acknowledgments," says: "Several anonymous contributions of buttons have been received. We are still wondering how to use these gifts to the best advantage in the district, as, for obvious reasons, they are unsuited to the needs of the heathen."

My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET

by RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"

Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

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CHAPTER I.

A Dispatch for Longstreet.

It was a bare, plain interior—the low table at which he sat an unplaned board, his seat a box, made softer by a folded blanket. His only companions were two aides, standing silent beside the closed entrance, anxious to anticipate his slightest need.

He will abide in my memory forever as I saw him then—although we were destined to meet often afterwards—that old gray hero, whose masterly strategy held at bay for so long those mighty forces hurled on our constantly thinning lines of defense. To me the history of war has never contained his equal, and while I live I shall love and revere him as I can love and revere no other man.

"General Lee," said one of the aides, as I passed the single sentry and drew aside the flap to step within, "this is Captain Wayne."

He deliberately pushed away the mass of papers which had been engaging him, and for an embarrassing moment fixed upon me a glance that seemed to read me through and through. Then, with simple dignity, far more impressive than I can picture it in words, he arose slowly and extended his hand.

"Captain Wayne," he said gravely, yet retaining his grasp, and with his eyes full upon mine, "you are a much younger man than I expected to see, yet I have selected you upon the special recommendation of your brigade commander for services of the utmost importance. I certainly do not hold your youth to be against your success, but I feel unwilling to order you to the performance of this duty, which, besides being beyond the regular requirements of the service, involves unusual risks."

"Without inquiring its nature," I said, hastily, "I freely offer myself a volunteer for any service which may be required either by the army or yourself."

The kindly face brightened instantly, almost into a smile, and a new look of confidence swept into the keen gray eyes.

"I felt, even as I spoke," he said, with a dignified courtesy I have never marked in any one else, "that I must be doing wrong to question the willingness of an officer of your regiment, Captain Wayne, to make personal sacrifice. From our first day of battle until now the south has never once called upon them in vain. You are from the ranks, I believe?"

"I was a corporal at Manassas."

"Ah! then you have won your grade by hard service. You take with you one man?"

"Sergeant Craig of my troop, sir, a good soldier, who knows the country well."

He lowered his eyes to the numerous papers littering the table, and then, leaning over, traced lightly with a colored pencil a line across an outspread map.

"You speak of his knowing the country well; are you aware, then, of your destination?"

"I merely inferred from what Colonel Carter said that it was your desire to reestablish communication with General Longstreet."

"That is true; but do you know where Longstreet is?"

"Only that we of the line suppose him to be somewhere west of the mountains, sir. It is camp gossip that his present base of supplies is at Minersville."

"Your conjecture is partly correct, although I have more reason to believe that the head of his column has reached Bear Fork, or will by tomorrow morning. Kindly step this way, Captain Wayne, and make note of the blue lines I have traced across this map. Here, you will observe, is Minersville, directly beyond the high ridge. You will notice that the Federal lines extend north and south directly between us, with their heavier bodies of infantry along the Wharton pike, and so disposed as to shut off all communication between us and our left wing. Now, the message I must get into Longstreet's hands is imperative; indeed, I will say to you, the very safety of this army depends upon its reaching him before his advance passes Bear Fork. There remains, therefore, no time for any long detour; the messenger who bears it must take his life in his hands and ride straight westward through the very lines of the enemy."

He spoke these words rapidly, earnestly; then suddenly he lifted his eyes to mine, and said firmly: "I am perfectly frank with you. Are you the man?"

I felt the hot blood leap into my face, but I met his stern gaze without flinching.

"If I live, General Lee, I shall meet his advance at Bear Fork by daybreak."

"God guide you; I believe you will."

His words seemed uttered unconsciously. He turned slightly, and glanced toward the door. "Major Holmes, will you kindly hand me the draft of that dispatch?"

He took the paper from the outstretched hand of the aide, read it over slowly and with great care, wrote a word of explanation upon the margin, and then extended it to me.

"Commit that to memory, word by word. to your memory; we must run no possible risk of its ever falling into the enemy's hands."

I can see it now, that coarse yellow paper—the clear, upright penmanship, the words here and there misused and corrected, the sentence scratched out, the heavy underlining of a command, and his own strangely delicate signature at the bottom.

"Headquarters, Army Northern Virginia,

"In the field, near Custer House,

Sept. 23, 2 P. M.

"Lieutenant General Longstreet,

"Commanding Left Wing.

"Sir: You will advance your entire force by the Connelton and Sheffield pikes, so as to reach Castle Rock with your full infantry command by daybreak, September 26th. Let this supersede all other orders. I propose to attack in force in the neighborhood of Sailor's ford, and shall expect you to advance promptly at the first sound of our artillery: It is absolutely essential that we form prompt connection of forces, and to accomplish this result will require a quick, persistent attack upon your part. You are hereby ordered to throw your troops forward without reserve, permitting them to be halted by no obstacle, until they come into actual touch with my columns. The success or failure of my plans will depend utterly upon your strict observance of these orders,

"R. E. LEE,

"General Commanding."

I handed back the paper, and lifted my hand in salute.

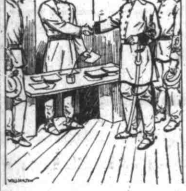
"You have memorized it?"

"Word for word, sir."

"Repeat it to me."

He held the paper before him as I did so, and at the close lifted his eyes again to my face.

"Very good," he said, quietly. "Now let there be no mistake; repeat it over to your companion as you proceed until he has memorized it, and one of you must live long enough to reach Longstreet. I advise you to take the Langley road—it is the most protected, and not try to pass beyond the old Coulter plantation until after dark, or you will run the risk of being observed by the enemy's pickets. Beyond this I must leave all to your own discretion."



"You Are a Much Younger Man Than I Expected to See."

He paused, and I still lingered, thinking he might have something more to add.

"Are you one of the Waynes of Charlottesville?" he asked gravely.

"Colonel Richard Wayne was my father, sir."

"Ah, indeed! I remember him well;" and his face lit up with a most tender smile. "We were together in Mexico. A Virginia gentleman of the old school. He is dead, I believe?"

"He was killed, sir, the first year of the war."

"I remember; it was at Antietam. And your mother? If my memory is not at fault she was a Pierpont?"

"She is now in Richmond, sir, and the old plantation is but a ruin."

"War is indeed sad," he said slowly; "and I often feel that our southern women are compelled to bear the brunt of it. What heroines they have proven! History records no equal to the daily sacrifices I have witnessed in the past three years. God grant it may be soon ended."

Then, as if suddenly moved by the impulse of the moment, he again extended his hand.

"Well, lad," he said kindly, the same grave smile lighting his face, "our country needs us. We must not waste time here in conversation. I am very glad to have been permitted to meet the son of my old friend, and trust you will remember me to your mother. But now goodby, captain, and may he in whose hand we all are, guide and guard you. I know that a Wayne of Virginia will always do his duty."

Bareheaded and with proudly swelling heart I backed out of the tent as I might have left the throne room of an emperor, but as I grasped the reins and swung up into the saddle, I became conscious that he had followed me. Craig flung up his hand in quick, soldierly salute, and then, with a single rapid stride, the general stood at his horse's head.

"Sergeant," he said—and I was struck by the incisive military tone of his voice, so different from the gentleness shown within—"I am informed that you are intimately acquainted with the roads to the westward."

"Every bridle-path, sir, either by night or day."

"Then possibly you can inform me whether the Big Hickory is fordable at Deer Gap."

"Not for infantry at high water, sir; but there is another ford two miles north where it is never over waist deep."

"That would be at Brixton's mill?"

"No, sir; the other way."

Lee smiled, and rested his hand almost caressingly on the trooper's knee.

"You are a valuable man for us to risk on such a ride," he said kindly. "But I desire you to understand, sergeant, how deeply I value the service you are about to render, and that I shall never permit it to be forgotten or go unrewarded. And now, goodnight, sergeant; goodnight, Captain Wayne."

As we turned into the main road, riding slowly, I glanced backward. The general was yet standing there in front of his tent, gazing after us, the rays of the westering sun gleaming on his gray hair.

CHAPTER II.

The Night Ride.

By five o'clock we were safe at Colchester, and while our horses rested and refreshed themselves on some confiscated grain, the two of us lay lazily back on a grassy knoll, well within the shadow of a ruined wall, and watched the round, red sun drop slowly down behind those western hills we had to climb.

As early as we deemed it safe to venture, we were again in saddle, riding now straight to the westward, along the smooth-beaten pike, until we caught sight of the black shadow of Colton church, in our front; then we swerved to the left, and still moving rapidly but with considerable care for the horses, headed directly across the more broken country toward the foot-hills. It proved to be a hard, toilsome climb up those long, steep slopes rising before us; for we were extremely careful now to keep well away from every known route of travel, and our horses, although selected from among the best mounts of the cavalry brigade, had already been thoroughly winded by their smart trot up the valley.

An hour of this work passed. Whether or not we were yet within the enemy's lines was largely conjecture, for no human eye could pierce the enveloping gloom, and no sound, either of warning or encouragement, reached us as we strained our ears. The sergeant rode slightly in advance as we toiled up the higher terrace, for our sole dependence as to direction and distance was upon his memory, and even that could scarcely serve for much on such a night as this. I traced his passage upward as best I might, and pressed close after him, guided not so much by sight as by sound—the occasional rolling of a loosened stone, the rustling of leaves as he touched a bush in passage, the faint clinking of his sabre, and the heavy breathing of his horse—until at last his long, slender figure rose sufficiently above the dark hill surface to be faintly silhouetted in deeper shadow against the dim reflection of the upper sky. Almost coincidently with this my horse ranged up beside his, where he had drawn rein in evident perplexity.

"What is it, Dan?" I questioned cautiously; for all I could feel reasonably assured of just then was that behind any rock or tree in our front there might be crouching a Federal picket.

"It's nothin', Cap," he answered quietly, turning his face toward me as he spoke. "I'm just tryin' ter 'member some landmark yereabout ter guide from. Blamed if ever I see such a dark night; it's like bein' inside a pocket, sir, an' I reckon as how it must be nigh onter ten year since I run loose in this yere country as a kid. Thet thar cut-off we took a while back has sort o' confused me; that's a fac', and I don't just know whar I am; but I reckon as how the main ridge road we're a huntin' after oughter run somewhar out yonder." He pointed forward into the night.

"Very well; hand me your rein, and see what you can discover out there on foot. Sitting here isn't apt to mend matters, and we surely cannot afford to cripple our horses among those rocks."

The sergeant, a gaunt, tireless mountaineer, slipped silently from his saddle, swung his light cavalry carbine from his back to the hollow of his arm, and in another moment was lost to sight in the darkness. A snake could not have slipped away more stealthily. I heard a stone rattle under his foot, a half-suppressed oath, and then the night had completely swallowed him.

How utterly alone I seemed; how intensely, painfully still everything was! The silence felt almost like a weight, so greatly it oppressed me. Even the accustomed voices of nature were hushed, as if war, with its unspeakable cruelty, had cast a spell over all things animate and inanimate. It was weird, uncanny. With every nerve strained, I leaned forward across the pommel of my saddle, listening for the slightest sound out in that black void. My head burned and throbbed as with fever, and I felt that strange, unnatural stillness as though it had been a physical thing; surely others besides us were upon this hilltop! For I knew well—my every soldier instinct told me—that somewhere out in that impenetrable mystery were blazing the camp fires of an enemy. Vigilant eyes were peering everywhere in search of such as we. How far away they might lurk I could not even conjecture — perhaps merely around some projecting wall of rock, —and we might even now be within the range of their ready rifles. I could hear the quickened throbbing of my heart, and my hand fell heavily on a pistol butt in nervous expectancy.

The soft night wind, heavy with pine odors, began suddenly to play amid the leaves of a low tree beside me, and the pleasant rustling mingled like strains of music with the slow breathing of the horses. I recall it now as one of the loneliest moments of my life, one of those almost unaccountable conditions of mind and body when it seemed to me that the thin, sinewy fingers of an inexorable fate were closing down with a pressure which no strength of man might resist. I was worn with fatigue in the saddle, but did not dream of sleep; my mind, in a firm endeavor to cast aside the uncanny influences of the hour, recalled in swift panorama those three years of civil strife which had run their course since I, a slender, white-faced lad, had stolen forth into the moonlight from the portals of the old home, to ride away into the northward where the throbbing drums called me. So deeply had my every thought become merged in these musings that Craig, slipping silently as a ghost from out the engulfing darkness, laid hand upon my bridle-rein before I became aware of his approach.

"I got 'er all right now, Cap," he announced quietly, peering up into my face. "We uns are not more nor a hundred yards ter the right of the road, but I reckon you'll find ther way a bit rough."

He led both horses forward, moving slowly and with that silent caution so characteristic of his class. With scarcely the scraping of a hoof on the flinty rocks we came forth in safety upon the defined, hard-beaten track.

"The south is over yonder ter the left," he whispered, as he swung up into saddle, "an' the trend of the road is mighty nigh due west."

"But in which direction does their main camp lie, sergeant?"

"Durn it; thet's just what I can't quite figure out, sir—whether we uns be to ther north or south of ther white church. Then, somehow or other, it seems like to me as if this yere road lay a bit too close ter the edge of ther plateaus ter ever be the main pike what the Feds marched over. I reckon from ther direction it runs that maybe it might be a branch like, or a wood-road leadin' inter the other. If thet's the way it is, then them fellers we uns is tryin' ter dodge ought ter be down yonder ter the left somewhar."

I gazed vaguely out into the black vacancy to which he pointed.

"Well, if we should chance to run up against one of their picket posts we shall soon be enlightened," I returned, urging my horse carefully forward. "But we shall have to take the chances, for it would not prove healthy for either of us to be caught here by daylight."

Not daring to venture on any gait faster than a walk along this unknown and ill-defined mountain trail, we slowly and cautiously worked our way forward for more than an hour, meeting with no human obstacle to our progress, yet feeling that each step forward was surrounded by imminent peril. That we were now well within the guarded lines of the enemy we were both assured, although where or how we had succeeded in penetrating the cordon of picket posts unobserved we could only conjecture.

CHAPTER III.

An Unwelcome Guest.

This was the sort of work I had long ago learned to love; it warmed the blood, this constant certainty of imminent peril, this intense probability that any moment might bring a flash of flame into our very faces. Each step we took was now a stern, grim play with Fate, where the stakes were life and death. I felt my pulses throb as I rode steadily forward, fairly thrusting the darkness aside, my teeth hard set, my left hand heavily on a revolver butt.

How, in such a situation, the nerves tingle and the heart bounds to each strange sight and sound! Halt!—what was that? Pooh! no more than the deeper shadow of a sharply projecting rock, around which we pick careful way, our horses crowding against each other in the narrow space. And that? Nothing but the faint moan of the night wind amid the dead limbs of a tree. Ah! mark that sudden flash of light! The hand that closes iron-like upon the loosened rein opens again, for it was merely a star silently falling from out the black depths of the sky. Then both of us halt at once, and peer anxiously forward. The figure standing directly in the center of our path, can it be a sentry at last? A cautious step forward, a low laugh from the sergeant, and we circle the gaunt, blackened stump, as silent ourselves as the night about us, but with fiercely beating, expectant hearts.

But hark! Surely that was no common sound, born of that drear loneliness! No cavalryman can mistake the jingle of accoutrements or the dull thud of horses's hoofs. The road here must have curved sharply, for they were already so close upon us that, almost simultaneously with the sound, we could distinguish the deeper shadow of a small compact body of horsemen directly in our front. To left of us there rose, sheer and black, the precipitous rock; to right we might not even guess what yawning void. It was either wit or sword play now.

I know not how it may be with others in such emergencies, but with me it always happens that the sense of fear departs with the presence of actual danger. Before the grewsome fancies of imagination I may quake and burn like any maiden alone upon a city street at night, until each separate nerve becomes a very demon of mental agony; but when the real and known once fairly confronts me, and there is work to do, I grow instantly cool to think, resolute to act, and find a rare joy in it. It was so now, and, revolver in hand but hidden beneath my holster flap, I leaned over and touched Craig's arm.

"Keep quiet," I whispered sternly. "Let them challenge first, and no firing except on my order."

Almost with the words there came the sharp hail:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

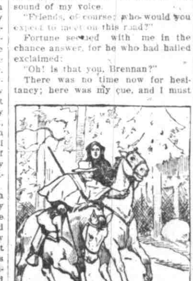
I drew the cape of my riding jacket closer, so as better to muffle the sound of my voice.

"Friends, of course; who would you expect to meet on this road?"

Fortune seemed with me in the chance answer, for he who had hailed exclaimed:

"Oh! is that you, Brennan?"

There was no time now for hesitancy; here was my cue, and I must plunge ahead, accepting the chances. I ventured it.



Laying Firm Hand Upon Her Horse's Bit, Led Forth to Where I Waited.

"No; Brennan couldn't come. I am here in his place."

"Indeed! Who are you?"

"Major Wilke."

There was a moment's painful pause, in which I could hear my

"Wilkie," repeated the voice, doubtfully. "There is no officer of that name in the Forty-third."

"Well, there chances to be such an officer on the staff," I retorted, permitting a trace of anger to appear in my tone, "and I am the man."

"What the devil is the difference, Hale, just what his name is?" boomed a deeper voice back in the group. "We are not getting up a directory of the Sixth corps. Of course he's the man Brennan sent, and that is all we've got to look after."

"Oh, all right, certainly, major," returned the first speaker, hastily. "But the night is so cussed black I supposed we must be at least a mile this side of where we were to meet. However, we have the lady here for you, all right, and she is anxious enough to get on."

The lady! Heavens! What odd turn of fortune's wheel was this? The lady. I heard Craig's smothered chuckle, but before I had sufficiently regained control over my own feelings to venture upon a suitable reply, the entire party had drawn forward, the leader pressing so close to my side that I felt safer with my face well shaded.

"Where is your escort, major?" he asked, and the gruffness of his tone put me instantly on defense.

"Just behind us," I returned, with affected carelessness, and determined now to play out the game, lady or no lady. I was extremely sorry for her, but the cause outweighed her comfort. "The sergeant and I rode out ahead when we heard you coming. Where is the lady?"

He glanced around at the group huddled behind him.

"Third on the left."

"All right, then. Nothing else, I believe;" for I was eager to get away. "Sergeant, just ride in there and lead out her horse. We will have to be moving, gentlemen, for it is a rough road and a dark night."

"Beastly," assented the other, heartily.

I fairly held my breath as Craig rode forward. If one of them should chace to strike a match to light a pipe, or any false movement of Craig's should excite suspicion! If he should even speak, his soft southern drawl would mean instant betrayal. And how coolly he went at it; with a sharp touch of the spur, causing his jaded horse to exhibit such sudden restlessness as to keep the escort well to one side, while I ranged close up to our unwelcome guest, and laying firm hand upon her horse's bit, let forth to where I waited. It was quickly, nobly done, and I could have hugged the fellow.

"Well, good luck to you, major, and a pleasant ride. Remember me to Brennan. Deuced queer, though, why he failed to show up on such an occasion as this."

"He was unfortunate enough to be sent out in the other direction with dispatches—goodnight, gentlemen."

It was sweet music to me to listen to their hoof-beats dying rapidly away behind us as we turned back down the dark road, the sergeant still riding with his one hand grasping the stranger's rein. I endeavored to scan her figure in the blackness, but found the effort useless, as little more than a shadow was visible. Yet it was impressed upon me that she sat straight and firm in the saddle, so I concluded she must be young.

"Madam," I began, seeking to feel my way with caution into her confidence, "I fear you must be quite wearied by your long ride."

She turned slightly at sound of my voice.

"Not at all, sir; I am merely eager to push on. Besides, my ride has not been a long one, as we merely came from General Sigel's headquarters."

The voice was pleasantly modulated and refined.

"Ah, yes, certainly," I stammered, fearful lest I had made a grave mistake. "But really I had supposed General Sigel was at Coulterville."

"He advanced to Bear creek yesterday," she returned quietly. "So you see we had covered scarcely more than three miles when we met. How much farther is it to where Major Brennan is stationed?"

I fear I was guilty of hesitancy, but it was only for a moment.

"I am unable to tell exactly, for, as it chances, I have never yet been in the camp, but I should judge that two hours' riding will cover the distance."

"Why," in a tone of sudden surprise, "Captain Hale certainly told me it was all of twenty miles!"

"From Bear creek?" I questioned eagerly, for it was my turn to feel startled now. "The map barely makes it ten."

"It is but ten, and scarcely that, by the direct White Briar road; or, at at least, so I heard some of the younger officers say; but it seems the Confederate pickets are posted so close to the White Briar that my friends decided it would be unsafe to proceed that way."

This was news indeed—news so unexpected and startling that I forgot all caution.

"Then what road do they call this?"

She laughed at my evident ignorance, as well as the eagerness of my tone.

"Really, you are a most peculiar guide," she exclaimed gayly. "You almost convince me that you are lost. Fortunately, sir, out of my vast knowledge of this mysterious region, I am able to enlighten you to some extent. We are now riding due southward along the Allentown pike."

Craig leaned forward so as to look across her horse's neck to where I rode on the opposite side.

"May I speak a word, sir?" he asked, cautiously.

"Certainly, sergeant; do you make anything out of all this?"

"Yes, sir," he answered eagerly. "I know now exactly how we missed it, and where we are. The cut-off to the White Briar I spoke to you about this afternoon cannot be more than a hundred yards below here."

"Ride ahead carefully then, and see if you can locate it. Be cautious; there may be a picket stationed there. We will halt where we are until you return."

He swung forward his carbine where it would be handy for instant service and trotted ahead into the darkness. The woman's horse, being comparatively fresh and restless, danced a little in an effort to follow, but I restrained him with a light hand on the bit, and we sat waiting in silence.

I was eager to be off, to make up by hard riding the tedious delay of this night's work, and constantly listening in dread for some sounds of struggle down the roadway. But all remained silent until I could dimly distinguish the returning hoof-beats of the sergeant's horse; and so anxious was I to economize time that I was already urging our mounts forward when his shadow grew black in front, and he wheeled in at my side.

"No picket, sir."

"Very well, sergeant; when we come to the turn you are to ride a few rods in advance of us, and will set a good pace, for we must make up for all this lost time."

"Very well, sir; here is the turn—to your right."

I could dimly distinguish the opening designated, and as we wheeled into it he at once clapped spurs to his horse and forged ahead. In another moment he had totally disappeared, and as I urged our reluctant mounts to more rapid speed all sound of his progress was instantly lost in the pounding of our own hoofs on the hard road.

CHAPTER IV.

A Woman With a Temper.

I think we must have been fully an hour at it, riding at no mean pace, and with utter disregard of danger. Although I knew little of where we were, and nothing as to the condition of the path we traversed, yet so complete was my confidence in Craig that I felt no hesitancy in blindly following the pace he set. Then a black shape loomed up before us so suddenly that it was only by a quick effort I prevented a collision. Even as I held my horse poised half in air, I perceived it was Craig himself who blocked the way.

"What is it, sergeant?"

"A picket, sir, at the end of the road," he said, quietly. "I kinder reckoned they'd hev some sort o' guard thar, so I crept up on the quiet ter be sure. The feller helped me out a bit by strikin' a match ter see what time 'twas, or I reckon I'd a walked over him in ther dark."

"Had we better ride him down?" I asked, thinking only how rapidly the night hours were speeding and of the importance of the duty pressing upon us.

"Not with ther woman, sir," he answered in a low, reproachful voice. "Besides we never could git through without a shot, an' if by any dern luck it should turn out to be a cavalry outpost—an' I sorter reckon that's what it is—why, our horses are in no shape fer a hard run. You uns better wait here, sir, an' let me tend ter that soger man quiet like, an' then p'raps we uns kin all slip by without a stirrin' up ther patrol."

"Well," I said, reluctantly, yielding to what I felt was doubtless the wiser course, and mechanically grasping the rein he held out to me, "go ahead. But be careful, and don't waste any time. If we hear the sound of a shot we shall ride forward under spur."

"All right, sir, but there'll be no fuss, fer I know just whar ther feller is."

Time seems criminally long when one is compelled to wait in helpless uncertainty, every nerve on strain.

"Hold yourself ready for a sudden start," I said, warningly to my companion. "If there is any noise of a struggle yonder I shall drive in the spurs."

As I spoke I swung the sergeant's horse around to my side, where I could control him more readily.

There was no reply from the woman, but I noticed she endeavored to draw together the flapping cape of her cloak, as though she felt chilled by the wind and her figure seemed to stiffen in the saddle.

It came at last—not the sharp flash of a musket cleaving the night in twain, but merely the tall figure of the sergeant, stealing silently out of the gloom like a black ghost, and standing at our very horses' heads.

"All clear, sir," he reported in a matter-of-fact tone. "But we shall hev ter move mighty quiet, fer ther main picket post ain't more nor a hundred yards ter the right o' ther crossin'."

He did not remount, but, with reins flung loosely over his arm, led the way slowly forward, and carefully we followed him.

What had become of the sentinel I did not know, respecting Craig's evident desire for silence; but as we drew nearer the White Briar road I sought in vain to pierce the dense gloom and note some sign of a struggle, some darker shadow where a body might be lying. There was nothing visible to tell the story.

The sergeant walked without the least hesitation across the open space, directly into the deep shadows opposite, where the cross-road continued to hold way. Crouching low in the saddle, we followed him as silently as though we were but spirits of the night. Up the road I caught the red gleam of a fire almost spent, and a black figure crossed us, casting an odd shadow against the face of the rock where it was lighted by the flickering red blaze. It was all over in a moment, a mere glimpse, but it formed one of those sudden pictures which paint themselves on the brain and can never after be effaced. I recall yet the long shade cast by the man's gun, the grotesque shape of his flapping army overcoat, the quick change in the silhouette as he wheeled to retrace his beat. But there was no noise, not even the sound of his footsteps, reaching us. Even as I gazed, lying open at full length upon my horse, we had crossed the open, and a perfect tangle of low bushes hid us as completely as if we had entered the yawning mouth of a cavern.

(To be continued.)

To Repair a Map.

A god preparation to use in replacing the pieces which have fallen off the cotton of the map may be made as follows: Beat up a paste of rye flour and add to it good glue in proportion of one-quarter the weight of the flour. Mix well; spread lightly on the cotton, and carefully affix the torn pieces.

Quality That Profiteth No Man.

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.—Ruskin.

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Saith the Cynic.

Character is like money; when you have a great deal, you may risk some; for, if you lose it, folk will still believe you have plenty to spare.